YOU'VE NEVER READ A COMIC UNTIL YOU'VE READ SMASH!

7d

SMASH!

No.11
16th. APR. 1966
EVERY THURSDAY

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. receives a tip-off that his arch-enemy, Dr. Doom, has flown to South America in the hope of making-off with a vast horde of gold recently discovered deep in the jungle. So, having hired a horse from a solitary outpost, the agent from B.U.N.G.L.E. is soon in hot pursuit. However, the wily doctor is waiting in ambush, and the man from B.U.N.G.L.E. is knocked unconscious. He comes round to find himself roped to a pole on the edge of a rising river, infested by man-eating fish. The man from B.U.N.G.L.E. is really in a tough spot. Can you help him to escape? All the clues are in the picture—and the answer is on Mr. Knowall's page.

BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY IS SAFEGUARDING A 'SUPER BRAIN' CREATED BY HIS FATHER, WHO HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED. STRAPPED TO THE BACK OF A GORILLA, AND CONTROLLING ITS MIND, THE BRAIN IS TRYING TO HELP BRIAN ESCAPE FROM THE PRIVATE ZOO OWNED BY THE EVIL **DR ONE**. BUT TWO TIGERS BLOCK THE WAY TO FREEDOM...

GRRR!

SNARL!

THE GORILLA WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT OFF TWO TIGERS AT ONCE. I'VE GOT TO HELP. BUT HOW?

THEN BRIAN REMEMBERED THE FEMALE GORILLA...

IF I RELEASE HER, SHE MAY GO TO THE AID OF HER MATE!

THE SHE-GORILLA LUMBERED FROM HER CAGE AND ROARED AT THE TIGERS...

GRAAAGH!

NOW THE ODDS WERE MORE EVEN...

GRRRR!

SNARL!

IT'S ALL OVER! THE TIGERS HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

THE MALE GORILLA WAS UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE BRAIN STRAPPED TO ITS BACK...

QUICKLY, BRIAN. WE MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE!

DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!

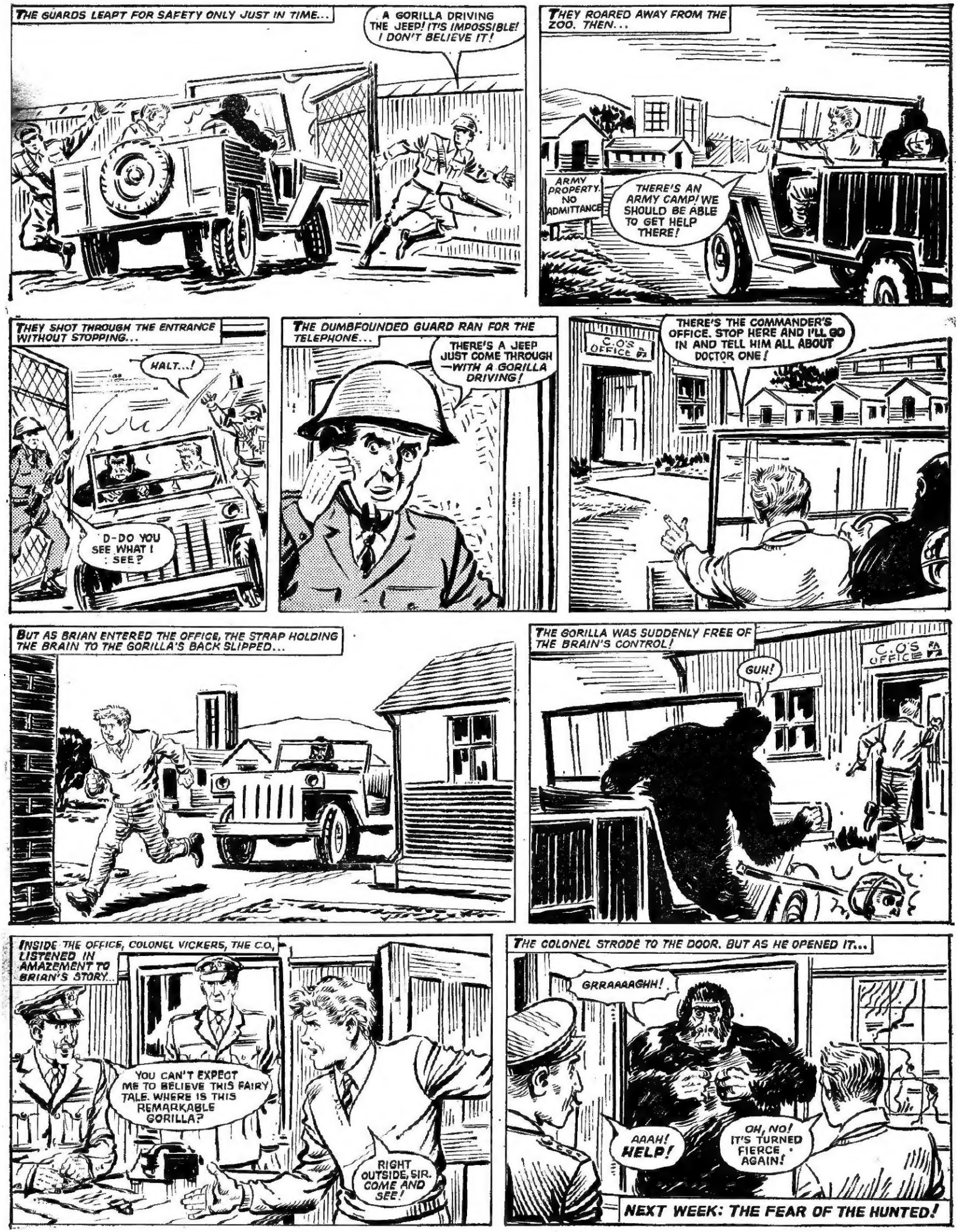
THE GUARDS ARE LOCKING THE GATES!

INTO THAT JEEP!

EVEN BRIAN COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES AS THE GORILLA DROVE THE JEEP AWAY...

STOP!

IT'S LIKE A DREAM!


THE GUARDS LEAPT FOR SAFETY ONLY JUST IN TIME...
A GORILLA DRIVING THE JEEP! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
THEY ROARED AWAY FROM THE ZOO. THEN...
ARMY PROPERTY. NO ADMITTANCE
THERE'S AN ARMY CAMP! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET HELP THERE!
THEY SHOT THROUGH THE ENTRANCE WITHOUT STOPPING...
HALT...!
D-DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
THE DUMBFOUNDED GUARD RAN FOR THE TELEPHONE...
THERE'S A JEEP JUST COME THROUGH —WITH A GORILLA DRIVING!
C.O'S OFFICE
THERE'S THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE. STOP HERE AND I'LL GO IN AND TELL HIM ALL ABOUT DOCTOR ONE!
BUT AS BRIAN ENTERED THE OFFICE, THE STRAP HOLDING THE BRAIN TO THE GORILLA'S BACK SLIPPED...
THE GORILLA WAS SUDDENLY FREE OF THE BRAIN'S CONTROL!
GUH!
C.O'S OFFICE
INSIDE THE OFFICE, COLONEL VICKERS, THE C.O., LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT TO BRIAN'S STORY...
YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THIS FAIRY TALE. WHERE IS THIS REMARKABLE GORILLA?
RIGHT OUTSIDE, SIR. COME AND SEE!
THE COLONEL STRODE TO THE DOOR. BUT AS HE OPENED IT...
GRRAAAAGHH!
AAAH! HELP!
OH, NO! IT'S TURNED FIERCE AGAIN!
NEXT WEEK: THE FEAR OF THE HUNTED!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

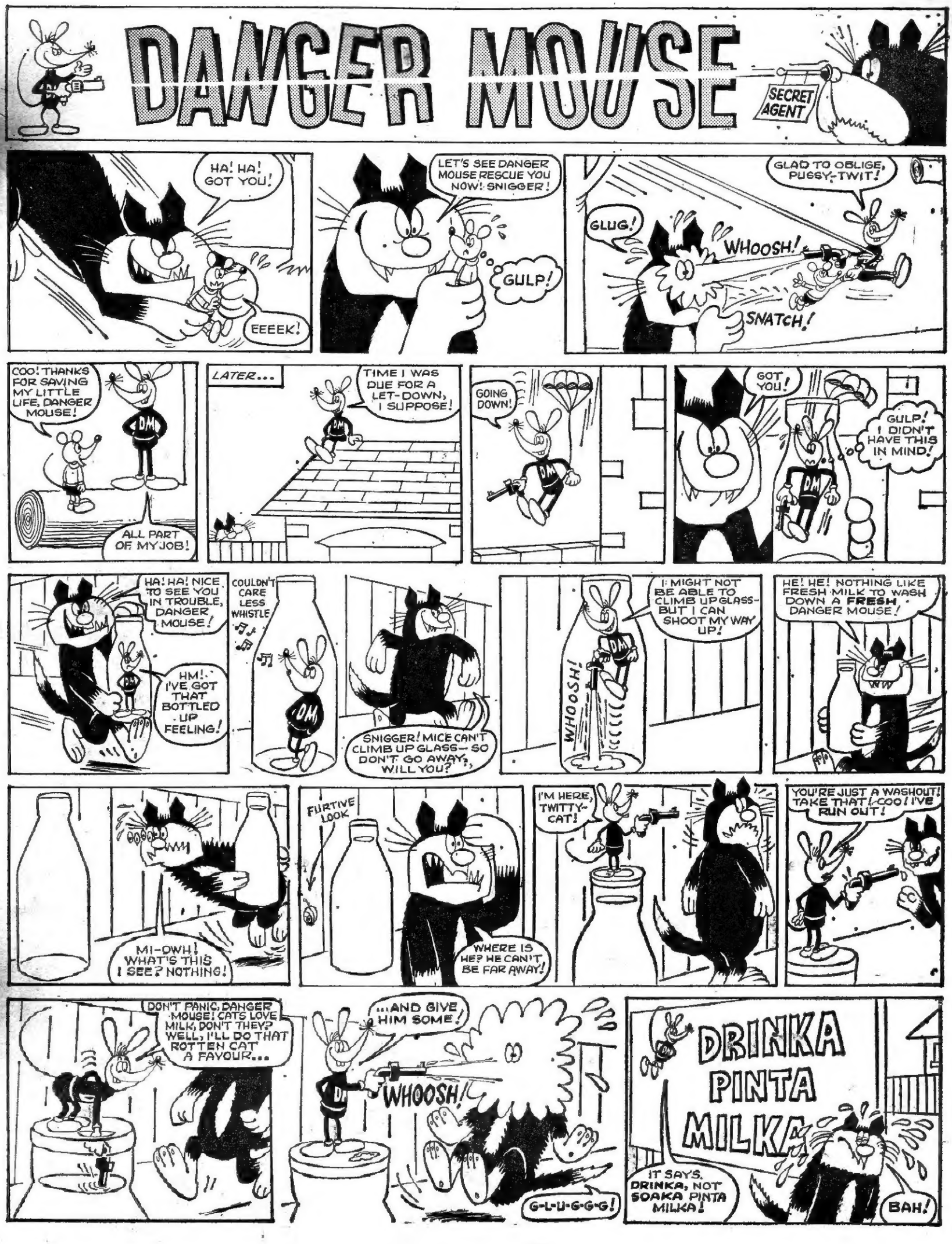
SIT BACK, BOYS! IT'S TIME FOR TELEVISION FOR SCHOOLS.
FZNNT
OH, NO! THE SET HAS BROKEN DOWN!
NEVER MIND, SIR! WE CAN USE CHARLIE BROWN'S SET!
NO! NO! DON'T! YOU CAN'T!
SPLENDID! WE CAN SEE THE SCHOOL PROGRAMME AFTER ALL, NOW!
OH, DEAR! HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT'S NO ORDINARY TELLY! I HOPE WHOEVER IS ON WILL BEHAVE THEMSELVES TODAY!
AHA! IT'S THE STORY OF SIR LANCELOT! SEE! HE HOLDS THE FAMOUS SWORD, 'EXCALIBUR'!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
AHA! A CHALLENGE! HAVE AT YE, VARLET!
OH, NO! NOW FOR TROUBLE! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!
HEY! LEAVE MY CANE ALONE!
GADZOOKS! TIS A PUNY SWORD YE HAVE THERE! TIS NO MATCH FOR 'EXCALIBUR'!
HEE-HEE! OLD SNOOPY WON'T USE THAT CANE AGAIN!
ATTABOY, SIR LANCELOT!
—AND THERE I WAS, TRAPPED IN A CORNER OF THE DUNGEON, WITH THE BLACK KNIGHT CLOSING IN ON ME WITH SIX OF HIS MEN!
GOSH! SIR LANCELOT TELLS BETTER STORIES THAN OLD SNOOPY!
BY MERLIN! WHAT'S THIS I SEE?
OH, NO! WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW?
JUMPING JESTERS! A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS —LOCKED IN YONDER TOWER!

OH, GOLLY! I WISH I'D LEFT MY TELLY AT HOME TODAY!
SIR LANCELOT TO THE RESCUE! YOU CAN BE MY SQUIRE, LAD!
BE BRAVE, FAIR MAIDEN! SIR LANCELOT IS HERE TO FREE YE FROM THE BLACK TYRANT!
AHA! THE TYRANT HIMSELF! THE BLACK-HEARTED VILLAIN WHO LOCKS WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE TOWER!
BUT I WAS ONLY SHAKING THE CHALK FROM MY DUSTER!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT GOES ON HERE?
OH, NO! THE HEADMASTER!
HELP! HELP!
I H-H-HOPE THE HEAD D-DOESN'T CONNECT ME WITH THIS—I'D GET SIXTY OF THE BEST!
RIGHT, ME BOYS! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS DARK AND GLOOMY DUNGEON! TO YE GREEN FIELDS AND PASTURES OF MERRIE ENGLAND!
SIR LANCELOT FOR EVER!
WE'RE WITH YOU, SIR LANCELOT!
HELP! I'M S-S-SEEING THINGS!
DO SOMETHING, MERLIN! GET SIR LANCELOT BACK IN THERE BEFORE I GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!
LEAVE IT TO ME, CHARLIE!
WOW! GOOD OLD MERLIN! HE'S MADE SIR LANCELOT DISAPPEAR! HE'LL BE BACK IN THE TELLY NOW! I'D BETTER GET IT SWITCHED OFF!
POOF
HE WASN'T SUCH A BAD KNIGHT! HE GOT US ALL A DAY OFF SCHOOL!

BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1966
AMMO.
I'LL HAVE CORN KRISPIES FOR MY BREAKFAST. HELLO— WHAT'S THIS IT SAYS ON THE PACKET?
CORN KRISPIES
TREACLE SANDWICH
YIPPEE!! THERE'S A FREE COMIC BALLOON AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PACKET! I'LL EMPTY THE KRISPIES OUT!
CORN KRISPIES
OH, BOY! A GIANT RINGO BEATLE BALLOON!
PUFF! PUFF!
PUFF!
OO-OH! RINGO! I MUST GIVE RINGO A KISS!
OH-OH! IT'S TEETHY TESSA! I MUSTN'T LET HER NEAR MY BALLOON WITH THOSE HUGE TEETH OF HERS!
OOH! SLOBBER! LET ME KISS YOUR LUV'LY NOSE —
KISS!
STOP IT!
POP!
ROTTER! YOUR TEETH HAVE BURST IT!
BACK HOME...
U.N.C.L.E.
I'LL EMPTY ANOTHER PACKET AN' GET ANOTHER BALLOON!
CORN KRISPIES
OOH! SMASHING! IT'S A GIANT MONSTER BALLOON THIS TIME!
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!
PUFF!

PENNY! HAVE YOU HAD BREAKFAST YET?
EH? W-WHAT? OH, ER, RIGHT AWAY, MUM—
HISSSSSSS!
MUM'S SHOUT STARTLED PENNY SO MUCH SHE LET GO OF HER BALLOON!
DAD'S IN THE BATHROOM...
I'LL BRUSH MY TEETH BEFORE I HAVE BREAKFAST.
EEK!
HISSSSS!
GULP! A GHASTLY FLYING MONSTER CAME AT ME!
HISSSSSSS!
I'LL HAVE MY BREAKFAST — THAT'LL CALM ME DOWN!
CORN KRISPIES
I'LL GET ANOTHER BALLOON —
WHAT!?!
ER — THAT'S YOUR PLATE, DAD. YOU'RE HAVING KRISPIES!
EVER SEEN 3 PACKETS OF KRISPIES ON ONE PLATE BEFORE, READERS?
PENNY! COME BACK!
PUFF!
PUFF!
PENNY DRACULA
I'LL KEEP MY HEAD DOWN IN MY JERSEY AN' SHOVE THE BALLOON ON TOP!
PENNY — WHERE ARE YOU?
I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU — AND IT DIDN'T COME OUT OF A CORN KRISPIE PACKET!
GULP! I HOPE MY DISGUISE FOOLS HIM!
Leo Baxendale

THE TELLYBUGS
BASH!
STOP IT, DAD— YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT GO THAT WAY!
WON'T I? JUST WATCH ME!
INSIDE THE SET, THE TELLYBUGS ARE GETTING VERY ANNOYED!
HOW'S A BLOKE MEANT TO WORK WITH THAT NOISE GOING ON?
I'M STOPPING TILL THAT NOISE STOPS. I CAN'T FIX BROKEN WIRES WITH ALL THAT NOISE GOING ON!
STOP THUMPING THE SET, DAD! THAT WON'T DO ANY GOOD!
I'LL GET IT WORKING IF IT KILLS ME!
AS LONG AS HE KEEPS UP THAT RACKET I'M NOT DOING ANY WORK!
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG APPROACH, DAD. TALK NICELY TO IT—THAT DOES THE TRICK.
NICE LITTLE TELEVISION—GIVE MUMSY A NICE PICTURE, THERE'S A GOOD SET.
AH—NOW THAT'S BETTER. I'LL START WORK.
THERE NOW, BE A GOOD LITTLE TELEVISION—A PICTURE FOR MUMSY. COME ON, NOW.
SOON BE READY NOW, MUM.
COME ON, NOW, THERE'S A GOOD BOY! GIVE MUMSY A PICTURE.
THERE! THAT'S FIXED! WE'LL GET A PICTURE NOW.
LOOK! IT'S WORKING! I TOLD YOU SO!
I TOLD YOU, DAD! YOU'VE GOT TO TALK NICELY TO IT!
NOW, HOW ON EARTH DID SHE DO IT?
BUT THEN DAD DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE TELLYBUGS DOES HE, READERS?


DANGER MOUSE
SECRET AGENT
HA! HA! GOT YOU!
EEEEK!
LET'S SEE DANGER MOUSE RESCUE YOU NOW! SNIGGER!
GULP!
GLAD TO OBLIGE, PUSSY-TWIT!
GLUG!
WHOOSH!
SNATCH!
COO! THANKS FOR SAVING MY LITTLE LIFE, DANGER MOUSE!
ALL PART OF MY JOB!
LATER...
TIME I WAS DUE FOR A LET-DOWN, I SUPPOSE!
GOING DOWN!
GOT YOU!
GULP! I DIDN'T HAVE THIS IN MIND!
HA! HA! NICE TO SEE YOU IN TROUBLE, DANGER MOUSE!
HM! I'VE GOT THAT BOTTLED UP FEELING!
COULDN'T CARE LESS WHISTLE
SNIGGER! MICE CAN'T CLIMB UP GLASS— SO DON'T GO AWAY, WILL YOU?
I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO CLIMB UP GLASS— BUT I CAN SHOOT MY WAY UP!
WHOOSH!
HE! HE! NOTHING LIKE FRESH MILK TO WASH DOWN A FRESH DANGER MOUSE!
MI-OWH! WHAT'S THIS I SEE? NOTHING!
FURTIVE LOOK
WHERE IS HE? HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!
I'M HERE, TWITTY-CAT!
YOU'RE JUST A WASHOUT! TAKE THAT! COO! I'VE RUN OUT!
DON'T PANIC, DANGER MOUSE! CATS LOVE MILK, DON'T THEY? WELL, I'LL DO THAT ROTTEN CAT A FAVOUR...
...AND GIVE HIM SOME!
WHOOSH!
G-L-U-G-G-G!
DRINKA PINTA MILKA
IT SAYS, DRINKA, NOT SOAKA PINTA MILKA!
BAH!

THE MOON MADNESS

IN THE HEART OF SALISBURY PLAIN A NIGHTMARE SHAPE HAD APPEARED...
MERCIFUL HEAVENS!
GET YOUR MEN TO SURROUND THIS—THIS THING. AND DON'T LET ANY CIVILIANS ENTER THE AREA.
MEANWHILE, THE GREAT HAND AND ARM THAT HAD APPEARED IN SCOTLAND WAS NOW MOVING SOUTH...
AS IT CROSSED THE FORTH BRIDGE A TANK CORPS DETACHMENT WAS WAITING TO MEET IT...
HERE IT COMES, MEN! FIRE!
5
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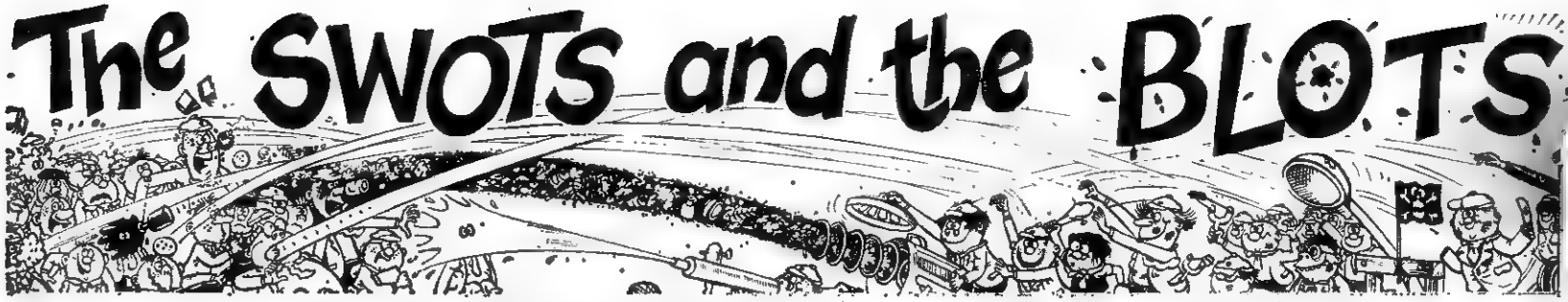
IT—IT'S STILL COMING ON, SIR!

AN ARMOUR-PLATED STEEL TANK WAS CRUSHED LIKE A TOY...!
JOHN SILVERLIGHT, THE ONLY MAN WHO HAD BEEN TOUCHED BY THE HAND AND LIVED, LAY IN ST GILES' HOSPITAL IN EDINBURGH...
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY, DOCTOR. WE MUST SEE PROFESSOR SILVERLIGHT IMMEDIATELY.
I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, GENTLEMEN. HE IS IN SOME KIND OF DELIRIUM.
JOHN SILVERLIGHT DID NOT TURN HIS HEAD AS THE FOUR MEN ENTERED HIS WARD.
I AM PUZZLED BY THE CONDITION OF HIS ARMS. LET ME SHOW YOU.
BOTH ARMS LOOK AS IF THEY HAVE RECEIVED A SERIES OF INNOCULATIONS.
MAYBE THEY WERE PUNCTURED BY THE FUR ON THIS THING THAT TOUCHED HIM!
THE OLD MAN. LOOK ON THE TOP OF THE OLD MAN...
'THE OLD MAN'. WHAT CAN HE MEAN?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT THAT'S ALL HE KEEPS SAYING, OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
MEANWHILE, AT SALISBURY, EVENTS HAD TAKEN A NEW AND EVEN MORE DRAMATIC TURN...
YOU'VE GOT TO GET A MESSAGE TO THE COLONEL! TELL HIM THE THING IS ON THE MOVE!
THE GIANT LEGS WERE STRIDING ACROSS THE HAMPSHIRE COUNTRY-SIDE!
NEXT WEEK: THE SECRET OF THE 'OLD MAN'!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS



THE SWOTS ARE VOICING THEIR MOANS TO THEIR MUMS AND DADS...

BOO-HOO! I GOT A THICK EAR, MOTHER! SOMEONE MISTOOK ME FOR A HORRID BLOT!

LOOK, DAD - I GOT A BLACK EYE! SOB! SOB!

MUM! I GOT A BLEEDING NOSE! HOWL!

THROB

WE'LL HAVE TO DRESS OUR POOR CHILDREN DIFFERENTLY SO THAT NO ONE COULD MISTAKE THEM FOR THOSE NASTY LITTLE BLOTS!

HEAR! HEAR! BRAVO!

WE'LL BUY THEM SMART UNIFORMS!

NEXT DAY...

NO ONE WILL MISTAKE US FOR SCRUFFY LITTLE BLOTS NOW!

AS THE BLOTS WOULD SAY - 'DIG THE GEAR'!

YAH! CISSIES!

RASP! RASP!

DIG THAT GEAR!

YEAH! DIG A HOLE AN' BURY IT!

QUIET, YOU HORRIBLE BLOTS! IT'S A PITY YOU DIDN'T DRESS AS SMART AS THAT!

EEK

PLOP!

ZOOM-M

HEH! HEH! THAT'S AN ARROW TO GO WITH YOUR BOW TIE! HEE-HEE!

HELP! SIR!

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

BOP!

BOP!

HELP! HELP!

SLUP!

HAVE SOME MORE ARROWS! HEE-HEE!

STOP!

ZIP-P!

PLOP!

SORRY, TEACHER! THAT WAS A STRAY ONE! BUT I'LL GET IT OFF FOR YOU!

AAGH! AAGH! OOH! DON'T! OOH!

PLOP!

GOT IT!

AAAGH!
SPLUDGE!
AAGH! YOU LITTLE BOUNDER! RIGHT IN MY JAM SANDWICHES – THE ONES I EAT AT PLAYTIME!
BAH! SOME FOLKS ARE NEVER GRATEFUL FOR NOTHIN'!
MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BEHAVE IN CLASS!
OUCH!
THWACK!
SERVES THE BLOTS RIGHT!
OOH!
OOH!
OOH!
BRAVO, SIR! BRAVO!
AFTER SCHOOL...
SORE
THE SWOTS HAVE GOT NEW SUITS, DAD! I WANT A NEW SUIT! SOB!
WAAH! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A NEW SUIT FOR SCHOOL MUM!
STING!
NEXT DAY...
?
CLANG!
CLANG!
EH? WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IT—IT'S COMING CLOSER!
HEH! HEH! WE DON'T MIND BEING CANED NOW – WE WON'T FEEL IT!
OH, NO! THE BLOTS HAVE GOT NEW SUITS, TOO – SUITS OF ARMOUR!
PENCIL SHARPENER
CLANG!
CLANG!
DONG!
DING!
ROTTEN CHEATS!

SPACE JINX

PROFESSOR PURGE AND THE SPACE PIRATES HAVE CAPTURED JINX'S PALS ON A SOLID STEEL ASTEROID. JINX HAS BEEN TRYING TO HELP THEM TO ESCAPE, BUT A WEIRD BIRD IS CONVINCED THAT HE IS HER CHICK—AND NOW SHE'S TRYING TO TEACH HIM TO FLY!

BUT I DON'T WANT TO LEARN TO FLY! I'D BE A DEAD DUCK!

WOE IS ME! MY ONLY CHICK SEEMS TO BE A COWARD!

HUMPH! I'LL HAVE TO THROW HIM OFF AT THE DEEP END!

NUDGE!

EEEEEK!

WOW! POOR OLD JINX IS FALLING 392 FEET ON TO A SOLID STEEL ASTEROID— AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHICH BUTTON WORKS HIS JET-PROPULSION UNIT!

HE'S NOT FLYING!

YAAAGH!

EENIE MEENIE MINIE MO

PLOP!

JUST IN TIME!

WHOOOOOOM!

SNIFF! SNIFF! I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING!

WHOOPS! MY TAIL-FEATHERS HAVE CAUGHT FIRE!

YIPPEE! HE'S FLYING! AND HE'S GOING SO FAST HE'S SET FIRE TO HIS OWN TAIL!

MOTHERLY PRIDE!

EEK! OUCH! OH-OH-OH!

SIZZLE!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT GROUND LEVEL, JINX'S PALS ARE HAVING A TOUGH TIME TRYING TO DIG HOLES IN THE ASTEROID FOR PROFESSOR PURGE!

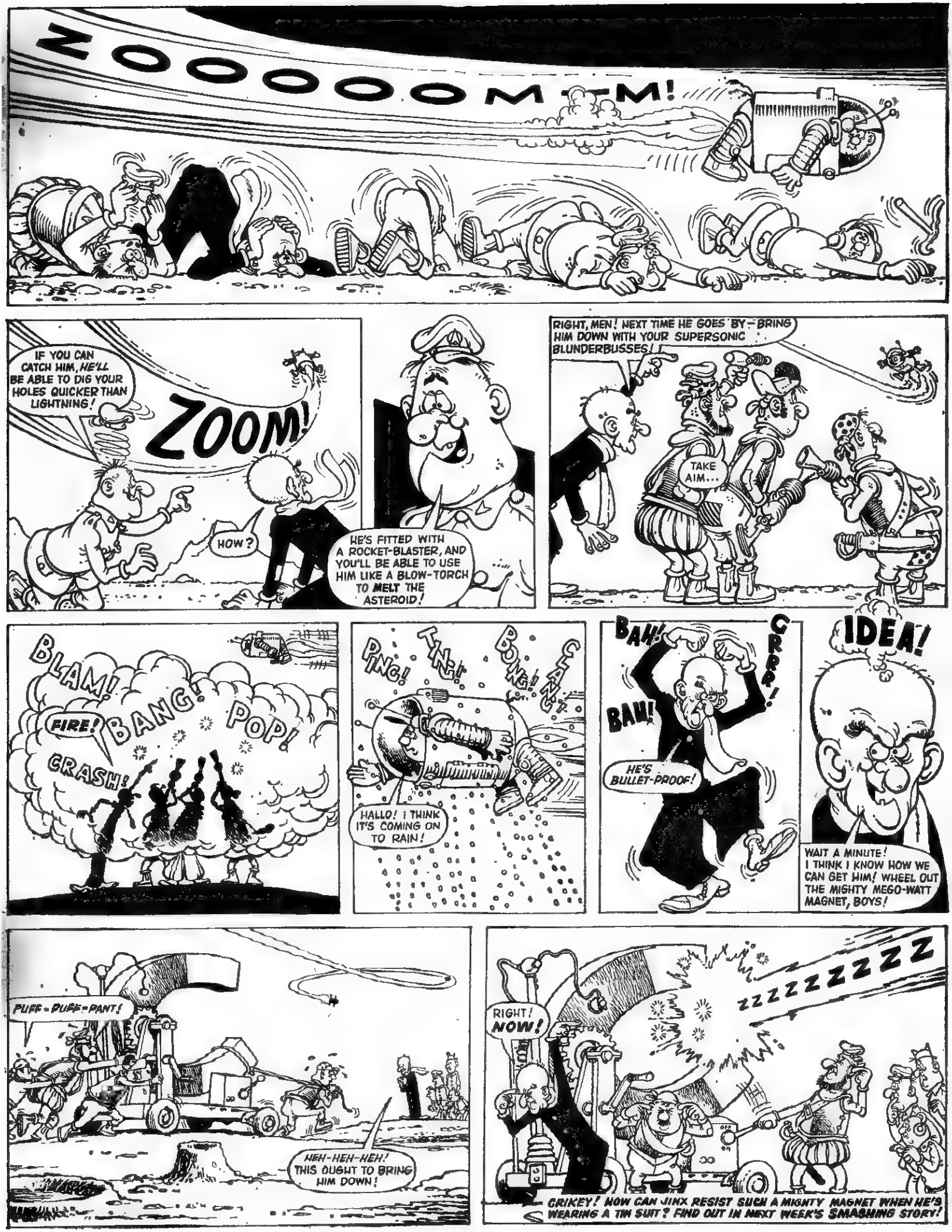
CRACK!

GET ON WITH YOUR DIGGING, YOU LAZY LAYABOUTS!

GROAN! HE WANTS HOLES TEN FEET DEEP!

WE'VE BEEN DIGGING FOR HOURS, AND WE'RE ONLY DOWN HALF AN INCH!

LOOK OUT! EVERYBODY DUCK!


ZOOOOOOM-M-M!
IF YOU CAN CATCH HIM, HE'LL BE ABLE TO DIG YOUR HOLES QUICKER THAN LIGHTNING!
ZOOM!
HOW?
HE'S FITTED WITH A ROCKET-BLASTER, AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO USE HIM LIKE A BLOW-TORCH TO MELT THE ASTEROID!
RIGHT, MEN! NEXT TIME HE GOES BY - BRING HIM DOWN WITH YOUR SUPERSONIC BLUNDERBUSSES!
TAKE AIM...
BLAM! BANG! POP!
FIRE!
CRASH!
PING! TNT! BOING! CLANG!
HALLO! I THINK IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN!
BAH! BAH! GRRR!
HE'S BULLET-PROOF!
IDEA!
WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET HIM! WHEEL OUT THE MIGHTY MEGO-WATT MAGNET, BOYS!
PUFF-PUFF-PANT!
HEH-HEH-HEH! THIS OUGHT TO BRING HIM DOWN!
ZZZZZZZZZ
RIGHT! NOW!
CRIKEY! HOW CAN JINX RESIST SUCH A MIGHTY MAGNET WHEN HE'S WEARING A TIN SUIT? FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASHING STORY!

DARE YOU JOIN...

THE LEGEND TESTERS in DEATH CASTLE

THE TRAIL OF A WOUNDED WOLF HAS LED THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, TO A FORBIDDING CASTLE DEEP IN THE FOREST...

WONDERINGLY, THEY SET FOOT INSIDE THE CAVERNOUS HALL.

WAIT HERE, GENTLEMEN!

ROLLO...! ON THE WALL! LOOK AT THE SERVANT'S SHADOW!

IT'S LIKE— A WOLF!

A SUDDEN CHILL WIND SIGHED THROUGH THE HOUSE... AND THE GREAT OAKEN DOOR SLAMMED SHUT!

DO NOT BE ALARMED, GENTLEMEN. WHEN CANDLE FLAMES ARE SET DANCING BY THE WIND THEY OFTEN CAST STRANGE SHADOWS.

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM COUNT CADAVO. WELCOME TO DEATH CASTLE!

THE DOOR WON'T OPEN! THE LOCK HAS JAMMED!

THE LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED IT TOOK MY MAN MORE THAN A DAY TO GET THE DOOR OPEN. UNFORTUNATELY, THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OUT OF THE BUILDING. SO, IN THE MEAN-TIME, YOU MUST REMAIN HERE AS MY GUESTS.

SUDDENLY, THE GLOOMY CHAMBER WAS FILLED WITH THE BLOOD-CHILLING SOUND OF EVIL LAUGHTER...
JAAAAH!
JAAAA!
JAAAA!
IT'S THE COUNT'S VOICE! YET THERE'S NO ONE IN THIS ROOM BUT US!

NEXT WEEK: THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE EVIL FIVE!

THE NERVS

COO! I'M NOT FIT! ALL MY JOINTS ARE CREAKING AWAY LIKE MAD!

SQUEAK! CREAK! CREAK! SQUEAK! CREAK!

MAIN KNEE JOINT

NO WONDER FATTY'S JOINTS CREAK! NONE OF US HAS ANY OIL LEFT TO OIL THE BLOOMING THINGS!

KNEE DEPT CAPS MUST BE WORN!!

DANGER KEEP WELL OILED!

CREAK! GRIND! SQUEAK! KEEP WELL OILED SQUEAK! GRIND!

YEAH! AND THE BRAIN NERVS HAVEN'T COME UP WITH ANY BRIGHT IDEAS!

OIL

GRIND!

AAGH! AAGH! I CAN'T STAND THIS CREAKING ANY MORE! IT'S DRIVING ME MAD, MAD! MAD! MAD!

GRIND SQUEAK CREAK! CREAK!

SUPPLY DEPT

KNEE DEPARTMENT

EARS

CREAK!

BUMP! BASH! BANG!

HEH-HEH! YOU SHOULD BE AN EAR NERV, FRED! WE DON'T HAVE ANY JOINTS TO OIL UP THERE!

COCKY LITTLE TWERP! BEEN GETTING A NEW EAR DRUM, TOO! SOME FOLK HAVE ALL THE FUN!

EARS

BUMP! BANG!

EAR DRUM

SQUEAK! CREAK!

GRIND!

YEOW! I'VE JUST HAD ME AN IDEA! WAIT TILL THE LADS HEAR THIS! YAHOO!

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE EAR ZONE! QUIET PLEASE

LOTS OF USH

EAR DEPT

COME ON! I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET SOME OIL! WE'LL SHOW THAT COCKY LITTLE TWERP!

GIVE ME THOSE STICKS! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

EAR 'OLE

EAR DEPT

EAR TRUMPET

NO- THEY'RE MINE! HELP!

WATCH, LADS! I'LL JUST SHARPEN THEM TO A POINT!
ROTTEN BULLIES— MY GOOD DRUMSTICKS RUINED! SOB! SOB!
HEH! HEH! NOW TO STAB OLD FATTY'S EAR! THIS'LL MAKE HIM JUMP!
STAB!
OOH! OOH! MY EAR! I'VE GOT EAR-ACHE! SORE! SORE!
STAB! JAB! STAB!
I'LL TRY A LITTLE ALMOND OIL. THAT SHOULD EASE THE PAIN!
SQUEEZE!
YAHOO! IT WORKED! FATTY'S POURING IN OIL! TELL ALL THE OTHER DEPARTMENTS THERE'S ENOUGH HERE FOR US ALL!
EAR TRUMPET
MY BIG DRUM! RUINED! THEY'VE USED IT TO CATCH THE OIL! SOB!
YEAH! IT'S AN OIL DRUM! HEH-HEH!
EAR 'OLE
SLURP!
ROLL UP! GET YOUR OIL HERE— PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY!
EAR TRUMPET
EAR DEPARTMENT
BRAIN DEPT
FINGERS
FEET
NOSE
MAIN KNEE JOINT
SOON GET RID OF ALL THE SQUEAKS NOW, FRED!
KEEP!
EAR! EAR!
OIL
GOSH! THAT OIL DID THE TRICK! THE STABBING PAIN'S STOPPED! MY JOINTS HAVE STOPPED CREAKING, TOO! SURELY IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MY EARS THAT WERE MAKING 'EM CREAK!
IF ONLY FATTY KNEW WHAT GOES ON INSIDE HIM— HE'D HAVE A FIT. HO-HO!
OIL
KNEESY CHAIR

QUEEN OF THE

THE CAPTAIN OF 'QUEENIE', ENOCH DRIP, IS GLOWING WITH **ST. ELMO'S FIRE!** MISTAKING HIM FOR A GHOST, HIS TWO-MAN CREW HAVE LEAPT OVERBOARD-INTO THE TWO TYRES HANGING FROM 'QUEENIE'S' BOWS...!

MEANWHILE, 'QUEENIE' IS RUSHING HEAD-ON TOWARDS A LIGHTHOUSE...

AGH-MOVE THAT GHOST-HOUSE.

OPEN THIS DOOR, YOU FATHEAD!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE...

HEH-HEH! THERE'S A SMASHING SPOOKY STORY IN HERE ABOUT A LIGHTHOUSE THAT'S HAUNTED BY A GHOSTLY CAPTAIN, HIS SHIP FOUNDERED ON A ROCK AND SANK WITH ALL HANDS!

TRUE STORIES

THE ROCK'S CALLED BLEAK ROCK!

AWK! BLEAK-ROCK-LIGHT... THAT'S **THIS** ONE... AND THE LAST LIGHT-KEEPER FLUNG HIMSELF 350 FEET INTO THE SEA WITH A SHRIEK OF TERROR!

DIFFLE-PRATSBY, AS THOUGH ANYBODY WOULD DO A BARMY THING LIKE THAT — EVEN IF THEY **DID** SEE A GHOST! NOW, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER BOY! KEEP TELLING YOURSELF — I AM NOT AFRAID! GHOSTS DO NOT EXIST!

GULP, YES SIR! BLEAK-ROCK!

-SP-SPOOKS DO NOT EXIST. GULP! I AM NOT AFRAID!!!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT! AND NOW, A PLASTA DS AND A NICE CUP OF THAT WHAT TURNS THE WHEELS, EH?

I'LL MAKE IT A DOUBLE!

I AM NOT AFRAID!

REVOLVING LAMP

TUBE

THE NEXT DAY FINDS DRIP IN THE LENTSE OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AND HAS SET THE LAMP REVOLVING AS IT DESCENDS.

NEXT SO RAL-6TEPS LATER, IN THE LAMP-ROOM...

GP-GHOSTS DO NOT EXIST!

WOBBLE

CLUNK!

OUTSIDE...

-I AM N-NO-AFRAID!

ACH! HELP! SHIFT IT!

CRASH!

MAYDAY!

CMUFF NIC!

CRACK!

CRACK!

SOS

SHUDDER

AT THE SAME [illegible] AND LUMINOUS LINES [illegible] LAND M...

AARGH!

I'M [illegible]

THUD!

I AM NO LONGER AFRAID.

SEAS

—SPOOKS DO NOT—!!—AA-AK!

HELP! S.O.S.! MY SHIP'S FOUNDERED ON YOUR ROCK WITH ALL HANDS!

WILD WOBBLES

WHIR-R

I RELINQUISH ALL FURTHER RESPONSIBILITY AS LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S MATE!

CRASH!

DIP

WITH NO ONE ON THE HANDLE, THE WEIGHT ZOOMS DOWN THE TUBE...

...AND PLUNGES FASTER-THAN-SOUND INTO THE BASEMENT STOREROOM...!

THUD!

SHATTER!

T.N.T.

DYNAMITE

WHAT THE BLAZES IS THAT POTTY PRATSBY UP TO?

PRATSBY!

POP! TINKLE!

GOODIE! HE'S RELAUNCHED 'QUEENIE'!

CRUMBLE!

CRUNCH!

...WHERE AN ARSENAL OF EXPLOSIVES FOR SALVAGE WORK IS KEPT!

PHOO

BOOM!

SPLOSH!

BLAST!

—WHAT WAS THAT THUNDERIN' GREAT EXPLO—!!?! A-A-ARGH!

HELLO! I'M THE CAPTAIN OF THAT SHIP THAT FOUNDERED ON YOUR ROCK!

MEANWHILE...

CHOO

QUICK! PULL AWAY BEFORE SOMEBODY COMES!

AGH! GASP! 'ELP!

GLUB!

WAIT FOR ME, YOU FAT NIT!

WITH A SHRIEK OF TERROR, BENJAMIN BEACON TRIES TO FLING HIMSELF 350 FEET INTO THE SEA!

SHRIEK!

WHEEEE

WHAM

ERK!

CRASH!

ROAR!

—BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT HIS LIGHTHOUSE TELESCOPES INTO ITSELF AT ITS WEAKEST POINT!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AFTER A LIGHT-LESS NIGHT...

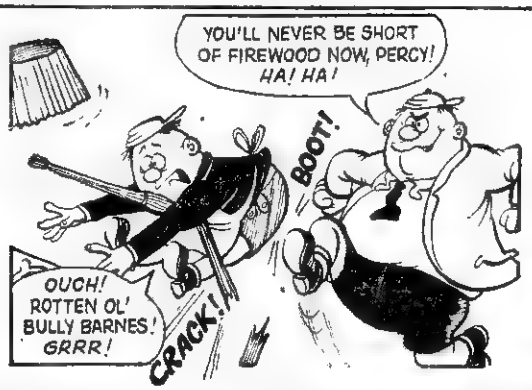
GULP! REMEMBER, SLACK! IF THERE'S ANY AWKWARD QUESTIONS ASKED, THE WIND BLEW IT OUT!

HELP! WAIT FOR ME!

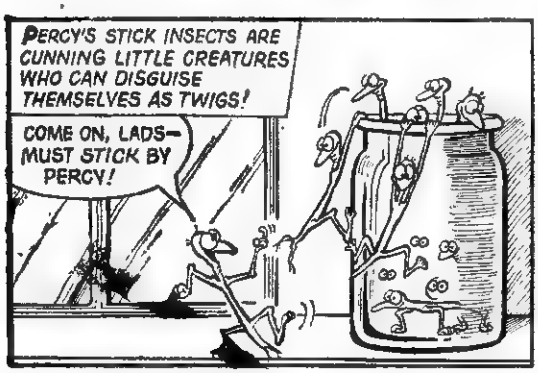
SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT WEEK, SHIPMATES, WHEN OLD 'QUEENIE' CASTS OFF ON A NEW VOYAGE WITH A 350 FT. MEATLESS SAUSAGE ON TOW!

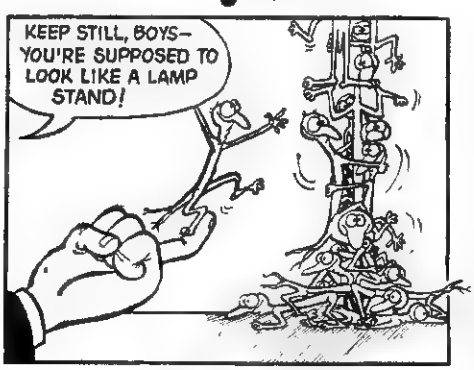
Percy's Pets

WOODWORK CLASS
COR! IT'S TAKEN ME TWO TERMS TO MAKE THAT LAMP STANDARD—BUT IT LOOKS SMASHING!
SAW! SAW!


YOU'LL NEVER BE SHORT OF FIREWOOD NOW, PERCY! HA! HA!
BOOT!
OUCH! ROTTEN OL' BULLY BARNES! GRRR!
CRACK!

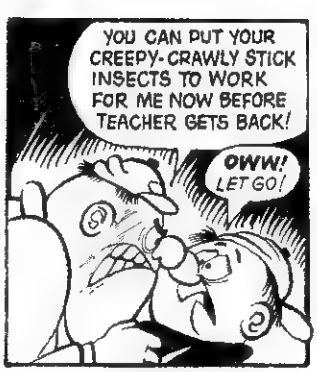
TEACHER'S COMING ROUND FOR AN INSPECTION SOON. I'D BETTER CALL MY VALIANT STICK INSECTS!
WHISTLE

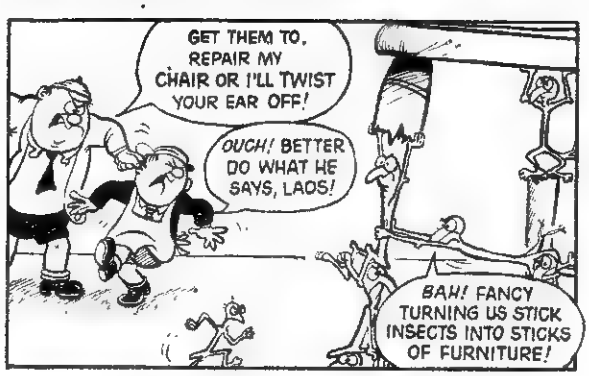

PERCY'S STICK INSECTS ARE CUNNING LITTLE CREATURES WHO CAN DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS TWIGS!
COME ON, LADS—MUST STICK BY PERCY!

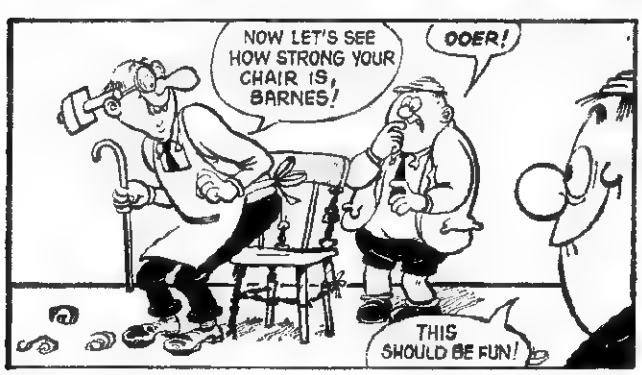

KEEP STILL, BOYS—YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE A LAMP STAND!

THAT'S A NICE JOB, PERCY! I LIKE ITS KNOBBLY TEXTURE!
WOOD WORMS
MY PET WOODWORMS ALWAYS COME FOR A NOSH-UP IN WOOD-WORK CLASS!

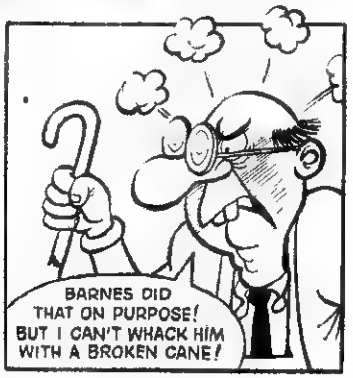
EEK! MY CHAIR! IT'S COLLAPSING!
GIGGLE!
NOSH!
NOSH!
NOSH!
NOSH!


YOU CAN PUT YOUR CREEPY-CRAWLY STICK INSECTS TO WORK FOR ME NOW BEFORE TEACHER GETS BACK!
OWW! LET GO!

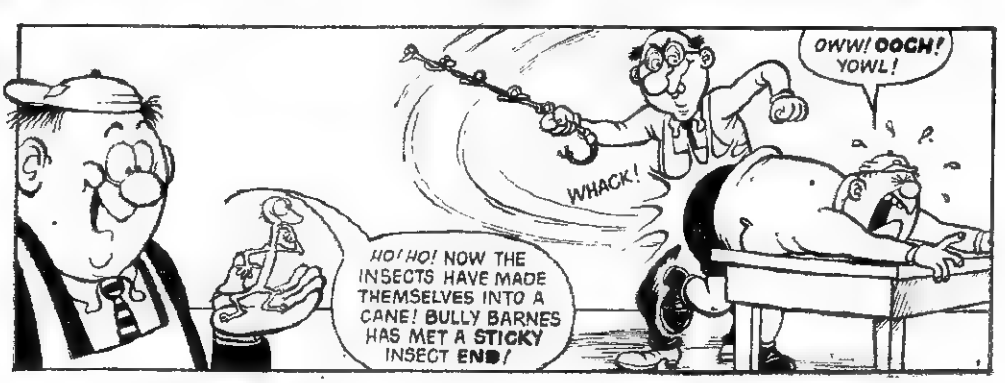

GET THEM TO, REPAIR MY CHAIR OR I'LL TWIST YOUR EAR OFF!
OUCH! BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS, LADS!
BAH! FANCY TURNING US STICK INSECTS INTO STICKS OF FURNITURE!


NOW LET'S SEE HOW STRONG YOUR CHAIR IS, BARNES!
OOER!
THIS SHOULD BE FUN!

YOUCH!
HA! HA! TEACHER WASN'T CHAIR-BORNE FOR LONG!
OH, NO!
TEE-HEE!
CRACK


BARNES DID THAT ON PURPOSE! BUT I CAN'T WHACK HIM WITH A BROKEN CANE!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! I'LL GET YOU A NEW CANE! WHISPER! WHISPER!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, PERCY!


OWW! OOCH! YOWL!
WHACK!
HO! HO! NOW THE INSECTS HAVE MADE THEMSELVES INTO A CANE! BULLY BARNES HAS MET A STICKY INSECT END!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Visitor: "Didn't there use to be two windmills here?"
Local: "Yes, but we took one away to leave more wind for the other."

What's got 100 legs but can't walk?
50 pairs of trousers!

Sent in by J. Corrin, Ou Onchan, Isle of Man.

POP-GUN SPECIAL

How's this for a pop-gun special? Cut off the top of a plastic washing up liquid container so that it will just take a cork. All you need to do then to fire the gun is to push the cork into place and squeeze the container.

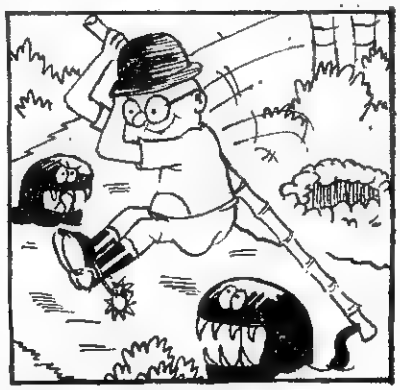
How would you like your own private telephone service? Simple to make and costs nothing—at least, not if you're a good scrounger. You can have it in the garden, in your bedroom or anywhere else you fancy. All you need is a couple of empty tin cans and a length of string. You fix the string into the tin cans at each end with a button as shown in the sketch, then stretch the string tight. Wherever you happen to be you will be able to hear what your friend says if you use the tin can at your end as an earpiece. He, of course, will use the tin can at his end as a mouthpiece. Amazing but true. You can even carry on a conversation round corners! The only thing is, you must remember that the string should be kept taut all the time. A slight warning. For the sake of safety, avoid using tins with jagged edges.

A button should be tied at one end of the string (A) and the other end passed through the hole in the tin (B)

If something in a shop costs 2d. each, how can a man buy 100 for 6d?

Because the items are door numbers—one and two noughts.

Sent in by R. Beagley, Ilkeston, Derby.

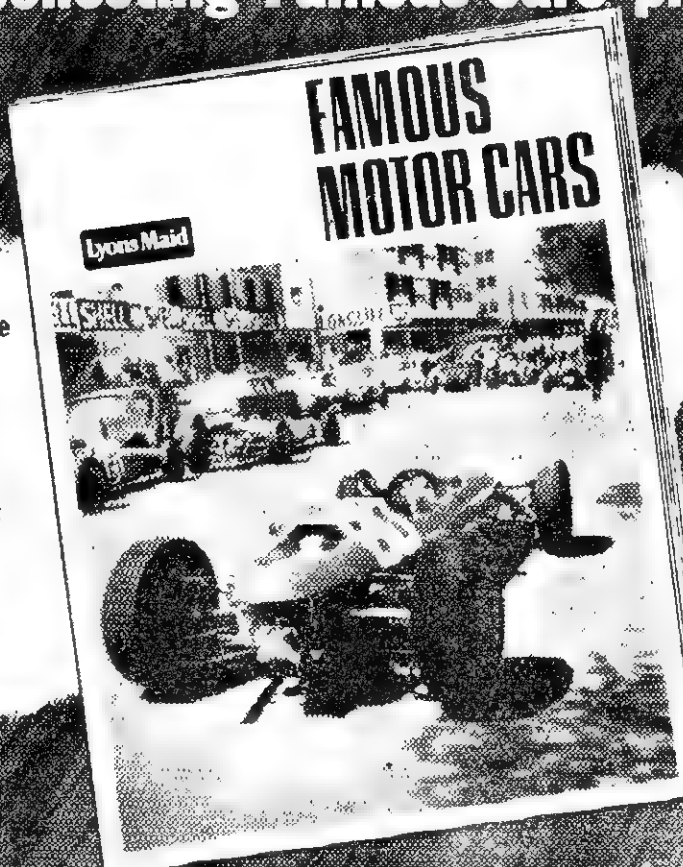


THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

Using his spurs, the man from B.U.N.G.L.E. first digs at the ground around the base of the pole until he finally uproots it. This done, he slips his bonds from under the pole and cuts himself free with his spurs. Then he swiftly pole-vaults across the river and away—to safety!

Get this great Zoom Album

and start collecting 'Famous Cars' picture cards



Post the coupon, with a 1/- postal order, for the 14-page Zoom Picture Card Album. Be first to collect the fabulous series of full-colour picture cards of Famous Cars. There's one FREE with every Zoom iced lolly! P.S. Look for the exciting quiz at the back of the album.

ZOOM

In 3 exciting flavours: Raspberry, Pineapple, Lime—at this sign.

Lyons Maid

To get your Zoom Album just post this coupon together with a 1/- postal order to: 'Car Album', Lyons Maid Ltd., Glacier House, Hammersmith Grove, W6

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S1

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THE GHOST PATROL

LED BY SERGEANT JOE TIMM, THE GHOST PATROL HAD BEEN ACCIDENTALLY SENT BACK IN TIME FROM 1941 TO 1,000 B.C. BY MEANS OF A TIME-MACHINE THEY HAD DISCOVERED. ARMED WITH THEIR MODERN WEAPONS, THEY LANDED IN ANCIENT EGYPT, BUT WERE ATTACKED BY NATIVES. PADDY, THE PATROL MEMBER CARRYING THE TIME-MACHINE, DISAPPEARED, BUT THE OTHERS STOOD THEIR GROUND—UNTIL A LARGE ARMY OF EGYPTIANS MARCHED UP...

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS, SARGE! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO FIRE A FEW SHOTS OVER THEIR HEADS!

BUT WE DON'T KNOW THAT THEY'RE *HOSTILE*—AND THERE'S NO POINT IN SCARING THEM UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT THEY WANT!

IN ACTUAL FACT, THE EGYPTIANS WERE ANYTHING BUT HOSTILE...

SEE—THEY AWAIT US! AND THE TUBES WHICH THE GODS CARRY MAKE *THUNDER!*

WE WILL LEAD THESE BEINGS BACK TO OUR TEMPLE—AND ONCE THEY HAVE PASSED THE GREAT *TEST*, WE WILL OFFER UP SACRIFICES!

IT WAS A STRANGE MEETING! THE EGYPTIANS HAD LITTERS WITH THEM...

THEY MUST WANT US TO GET *INTO* THESE THINGS!

THEY OBVIOUSLY THINK WE'RE BIGWIGS!

SERGEANT JOE RELAXED—THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE ANY FIGHTING...

WELL, LADS, WE'RE STUCK HERE UNTIL *PADDY* ARRIVES BACK WITH THE TIME-MACHINE, SO LET'S MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE LOCAL INHABITANTS.

THE PROCESSION SET OFF TOWARDS THE TEMPLE, WITH THE GHOST PATROL IN THE LITTERS!

THIS IS THE LIFE FOR ME—VERY EASY ON THE FEET!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, CHUM—THEY MIGHT BE MEANING TO FEED US TO THE CROCODILES!

MEANWHILE, ERHART, THE PATROL'S NAZI PRISONER HAD ESCAPED FROM THE LANDING CRAFT. HE SWAM TOWARDS THE RAFT CARRYING THE TANK...

IF I CAST OFF THE BOW TOWROPE, THE RAFT WILL DRIFT DOWNSTREAM—THEN IT'LL BE EASY TO GET ASHORE AGAIN!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE GUARDS, SENT BACK BY JOE, REACHED THE LANDING CRAFT AND DISCOVERED ERHART'S ESCAPE!

WHERE'S HE GOT TO?

LOOK—ON THE RAFT!

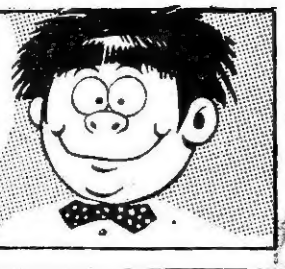
THE FIRST BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS HIT THE RAFT AS ERHART CAST OFF THE TOWROPE!

YES, *SHOOT*, YOU FOOLS! BUT IT WON'T BE SO EASY TO RECAPTURE ME *THIS* TIME!

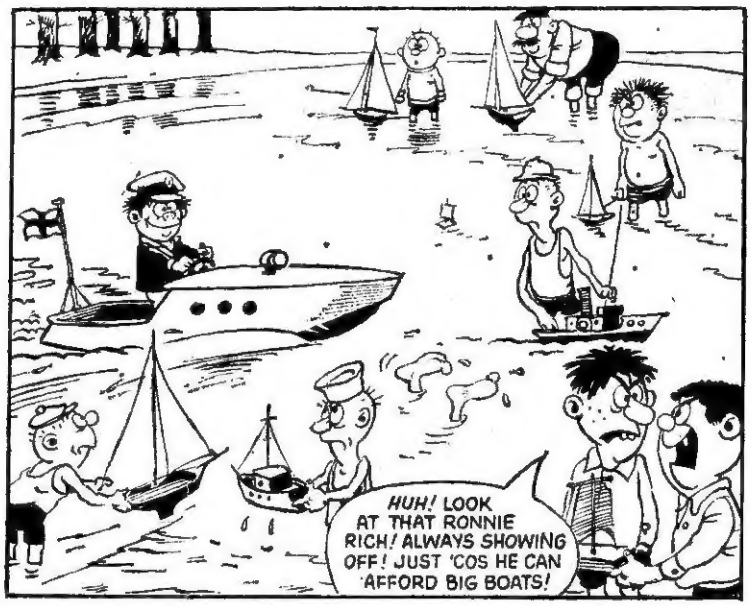
THE RAFT DRIFTED SLOWLY DOWNSTREAM AND ERHART, DODGING THE SHRIEKING BULLETS, CLAMBERED INTO THE TANK GUN TURRET...
NOW IT'S ME THAT HAS THE BIG GUNS — NOT THE BRITISH! I'LL SOON SHOW THEM WHAT A NAZI CAN DO!
THE NOISE OF THE SHOOTING REACHED JOE AND THE REST OF THE PATROL AS THEY RECLINED IN THE LITTERS...
TROUBLE! EVERYONE BACK TO THE RIVER — QUICK!
READY FOR ACTION IN AN INSTANT, THE PATROL HURTLED BACK THROUGH THE REEDS...
MAYBE THE SHOTS WERE TO WARN US THAT PADDY IS BACK WITH THE TIME-MACHINE!
NO— TOO MANY OF THEM! SOMETHING SERIOUS HAS HAPPENED!
ERHART WAS NOW FAR DOWNSTREAM, WATCHING FROM THE TURRET AS THE RAFT DRIFTED TOWARDS SOME MUDFLATS...
IF THE RAFT GROUNDS ON THESE MUDFLATS, I'LL BE ABLE TO DRIVE THE TANK ASHORE!
THE PATROL REACHED THE LANDING CRAFT, AND JOE SWIFTLY LEARNED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HE STARTED UP THE ENGINE AND CAST OFF...
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT NAZI BEFORE HE GETS THE TANK ON DRY LAND!
TOO LATE, SARGE — THE RAFT'S GROUNDING NOW!
ERHART WAS ALREADY DRIVING THE TANK ASHORE...
HALTING THE TANK ON FIRM GROUND, THE NAZI OFFICER SCRAMBLED INTO THE TURRET AND SWIVELLED IT ROUND. AN INSTANT LATER...
MAYBE THAT WILL TEACH THESE IMBECILES THAT I'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND — AND I MEAN BUSINESS!
THE SHELL BURST IN THE WATER BESIDE THE RACING LANDING CRAFT...
HARD TO PORT — WE'RE GOING ASHORE!
WE'VE HAD IT! ERHART WILL SINK US BEFORE WE REACH THE TANK!

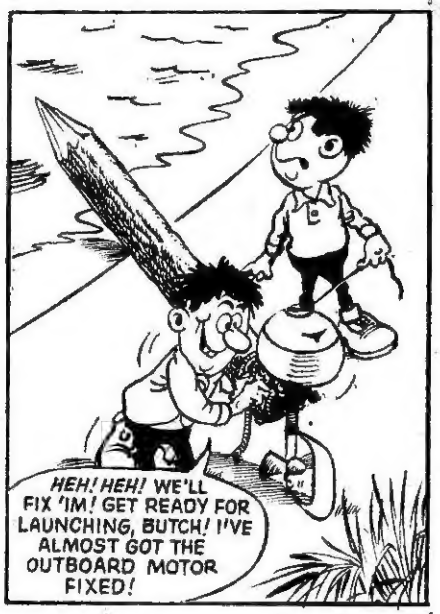
NEXT WEEK: THE TEMPLE OF DOOM!

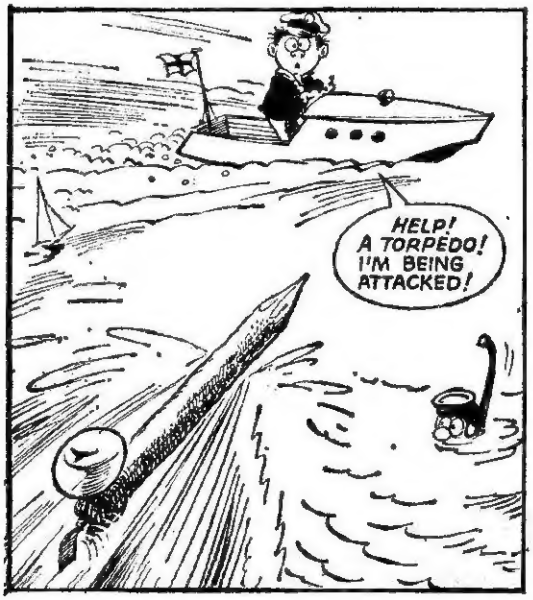
RONNIE RICH



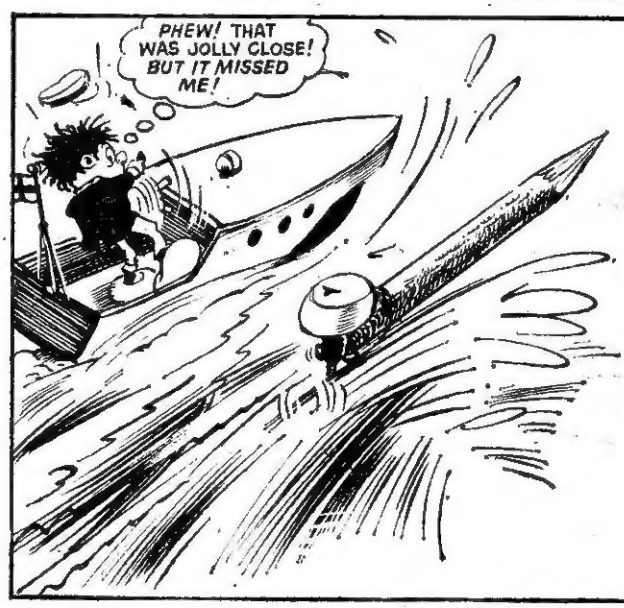
NOTE THE HAPPY SMILE, READERS! I'M BROKE AGAIN! I SPENT MY LAST HA'PENNY ON THIS SMASHING BOAT!


HUH! LOOK AT THAT RONNIE RICH! ALWAYS SHOWING OFF! JUST 'COS HE CAN AFFORD BIG BOATS!

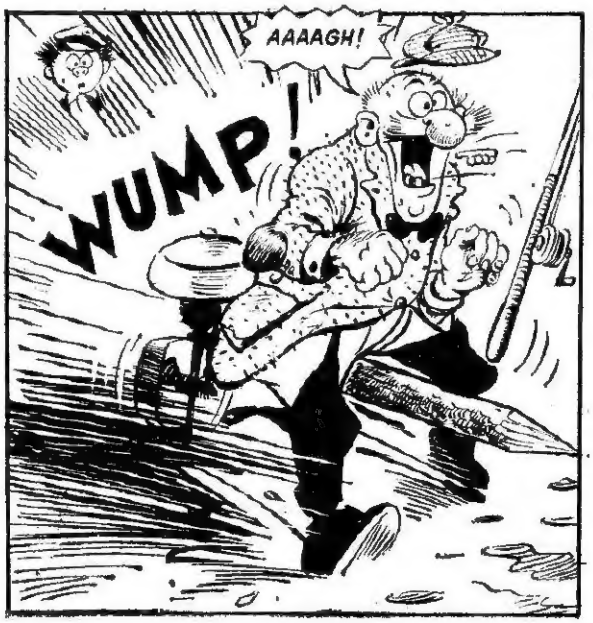

HEH! HEH! WE'LL FIX 'IM! GET READY FOR LAUNCHING, BUTCH! I'VE ALMOST GOT THE OUTBOARD MOTOR FIXED!


HELP! A TORPEDO! I'M BEING ATTACKED!

HARD-A-PORT!


PHEW! THAT WAS JOLLY CLOSE! BUT IT MISSED ME!

OH, NO! IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR COLONEL WILKINSON! LOOK OUT, SIR!


AAAAGH!
WUMP!

BUT, SIR! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! HONESTLY, SIR!
SILENCE, YOU YOUNG HOOLIGAN! IT'S THE POLICE STATION FOR YOU! SNORT!

WOW!
WILKINSON ENTERPRIS
GIVE ME TEN MINUTES, JOE, AND I'LL HAVE THIS SAFE OPEN!
THEY'RE ROBBING THAT SAFE! AND THIS IS THE COLONEL'S PLACE!
SIR! SIR!—
SILENCE! NOT A WORD!
THIS YOUNG BOUNDAH HERE NEARLY BROKE MY BACK WITH A BLOOMING GREAT LOG! I DEMAND YOU CHARGE HIM, SERGEANT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS COUNTRY'S COMING TO! PAH!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW— THERE'S NO TIME! BUT THERE ARE TWO CROOKS ROBBING THE SAFE AT THE COLONEL'S FACTORY ALONG THE ROAD!
MY FACTORY!
ACTION STATIONS, LADS!
THE GAME'S UP, LADS! YOU WERE SPOTTED!
THE LAW! WE'RE COPPED!
POLICE
WELL, I THINK THAT MAKES US QUITS, EH, COLONEL? AFTER ALL, I JUST SAVED YOU A SMALL FORTUNE!
INDEED YOU DID!
£100
AND I'M NOT UNGRATEFUL, MY BOY! ACCEPT THIS LITTLE REWARD!
OH, NO!
HELP! WHAT AN UNGRATEFUL BLIGHTER! HE GETS A £100 REWARD —AND LOOK WHAT HE DOES!
GRRR! AND I'VE STILL GOT 96 SHELLS TO USE UP—AND I'M STILL NOT BROKE! GRRRR!

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
AT LAST MY GREAT INVENTION IS READY! IT'S AN X-RAY MACHINE WITH A DIFFERENCE—IT READS PEOPLE'S MINDS!
COO! LET'S SEE IT WORK, MR FEENDISH!
HERE COMES SOMEONE NOW. LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S THINKING ABOUT...
BZZZZ
HEE, HEE! IT WORKS! YOU CAN SEE HE'S THINKING ABOUT FOOD!
HAMBURGER
THERE'S THE BANK MANAGER! WE'LL READ HIS MIND AND GET THE COMBINATION TO THE BANK'S SAFE!
BZZZZ
AH, GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS HACKEN-SNACK.
NOW'S OUR CHANCE—TURN ON THE MACHINE!
GOT IT! THAT'S THE COMBINATION! HEAD FOR THE BANK!
6-7-5
BANK
DOWN YOU GO, SYLVESTER, AND OPEN THE DOORS FROM THE INSIDE.
NIGHT SAFE
6-7-5 THAT SHOULD OPEN IT! IN A MOMENT I'LL BE RICH!
THE ROTTEN SAFE WON'T OPEN! WE'VE GOT THE WRONG COMBINATION!
BASH!
BITE!
KICK!
TUG!
HEY, MR FEENDISH—DON'T DO THAT! YOU'LL SET OFF THE ALARMS!
CUCKOO!
HELP, POLICE!
E-E-E-EEEE!
EEEK! THE ALARMS ARE GOING OFF!
I TOLD YOU SO, MR FEENDISH.
CLANG!
CLANG!
HOOT-HOOT!
WAAAHH!
IF WE CATCH HIM, WE'LL PUT HIM IN JAIL THIS TIME.
DON'T BE A SPOILSPORT— IT'S MUCH MORE FUN SEEING HIM MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF IN SMASH EVERY WEEK!
LATER BACK HOME...
HERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR—I BOUGHT YOUR GLOVES, YOUR SHOES, YOUR HAT, LIKE I PROMISED. LUCKILY, I MET MISS HACKENSNACK—SHE REMINDED ME OF THEM!
OH, NO, THOSE NUMBERS WERE THE SIZES OF HIS WIFE'S CLOTHES!
HEY, LET'S SEE WHAT MR FEENDISH IS THINKING OF DOING TO THE BANK MANAGER!
BZZ
CENSORED!
BASH!
BOFF